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Privilege Plus

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FANTASIA

No. 3: *Leather 'n' Lycra*

*"It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes..."*



THE lovely lissom lady in her white leather top and black leather pantlets looks guiltily troubled as she hands the riding-crop to her punisher. For she has been naughty; wonderfully, outrageously naughty, and knows it as well as you do.

Interesting, isn't it, that leather is described as 'tanned hide'? Just as

hers will soon be! Let her turn around and show us how snugly it fits, cupping her pertly perfect posterior which will at any moment - as her rueful expression denotes - be dancing to the stinging thwacks of the springy, leather-bound crop.

Does her nose wrinkle to the tang of the hide, her ears perk to its soft creakings? For *all* the senses

respond to leather, not merely those of sight and touch.

You order her to kneel up on the padded leather stool and push out that angelic arse for us to savour the sight of! More, *more*, let the leather cling, tough and protective, cupping each rounded rump. All the more reason to strike firmly and confidently.



She yells as the flying crop impacts loudly across the stretched leather, echoing around the punishment room. 'Push it higher,' you command. 'Higher!' Her

bottom in the tight, tight leather is visual poetry.

'Ooh! Ooh! Aaagh!' The riding-crop whips avidly in, imparts its fierce stings, whips in

again. Then again. The young lady takes it well, and perhaps thinks her ordeal is over - but there is more, much more, to come ...

With a wave of our 'Fantasia' wand the black leather changes to red! You instruct her now to kneel on the floor and bend across the padded rest. Leather kisses leather, tangy and snappy, struck and roused by the speeding pliant shaft!

Her supple body shifts and jerks across the stool; her lean, luscious buttocks burn and bounce, sexily shifting from left to right, hips rising to meet the painful challenge of the thwacking leather.

Her whimpers, pleas and entreaties become like exciting primal music urging you on to greater efforts. Half-protected as her bottom is by the clinging leather, you suspect that the noise she is making is mainly for effect - a vain attempt to gain your sympathies!



The time has come for your beautiful miscreant to wear something rather less resistant to punishment...





Let our fancies fly again and magic the lady into something just as curve-hugging but thinner and even clingier.

Lycra.

Lycra loves bottoms, it pampers the fleshy pads and presents them for punishment. The leather top she was wearing has vanished,

leaving the lady naked there, breasts on display to raise our pulse-rates even higher.

Although we feast our gazes on the bare, free-swinging beauties of her upper torso, it is the brazenly outthrust bottom in its white lycra briefs which invites, nay demands, our ultimate attentions!

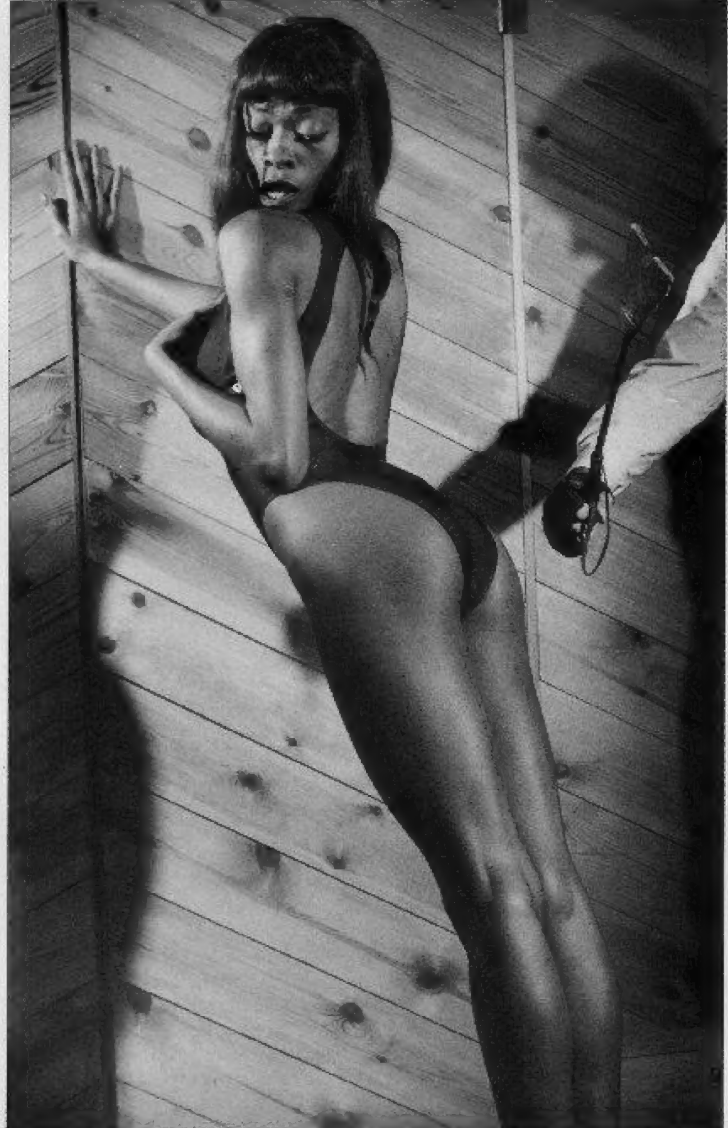
And what better implement with which to attend to that lycra-clad bottom than the leather-fingered tawse, which laps and slaps and wraps itself around the glorious curves of her succulent rump, leaving a blaze like superheated kisses on the fragrant softnesses?



Lo and behold! - she is in a lycra leotard. This lady is a trained gymnast, an athlete, sleek and svelte. Let's revel in her beauty and supple grace, shown off to perfection by this garment which both conceals and reveals. This time the high-cut lycra shows more of her flanks, offering to the punisher a greater expanse of visible bottom-cheek.

It is time to select a different implement: its triangular leather head ready to smack home where she stands, bottom provokingly out-jutted as if, by her very stance, to tempt her punisher to strike firm and hard.

You may be very sure, young lady, that he will do exactly that, relishing every loud, lusty impact it makes on your pert derrière.





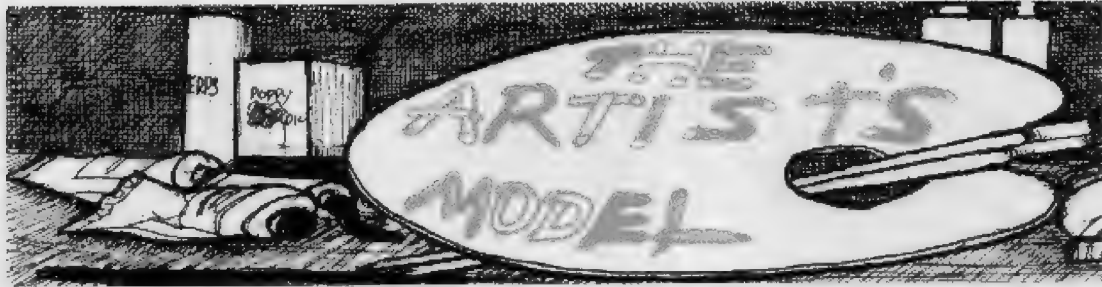
The paddle cracks repeatedly home on that taunting bottom with its tautly-stretched lycra, harder and harder, rocking the lovely

creature forward on to the balls of her feet with the force of its contact, filling her buttocks with an increasingly ferocious smarting

which could soon become unbearable

Is the punishment over yet? Oh no, young lady, it is most certainly not.

More to come . . .



by Luna Winter

IN MY DREAM I am siren, a seductress, a charmer, a temptress, la Cinze, la femme fatale. In my dream I am a model.

She looks as sweet as honey. She is golden maple melting syrup and treacle pudding. So sensuous. She has velvet warm fur and winter moonlight skin. So candid, so excitingly, surprisingly revealing. She is my model.

I'm the proprietor of this body. Just as one is covered by a coat which is external to the real body, similarly I am covered by this feminine body, by earth, by water, by fire, by air and ether. And this body of mine is your creative wicked brush. This body of mine is yours. My dreams floating in the subtle mind, sealed. Thus I am covered

She is naked now. I watch her, amazed. She is naked and glowing. Yet, I cannot portray her on my canvas, my brush cannot peel her thousand layers.

She puts her suitcase on a chair. I watch her as she bends over to open it and begins to pull out piles of toiletries, make-up, brushes, nightdress, satin lingerie, stockings, garters, gloves and so on. Then she arranges it all over the couch for me to see, one by one, calling out loud the name of each item, colour co-ordinating them. Now she asks me what I'd like her to wear.

She comes to my studio wearing jodhpurs and riding boots. I would dearly love to see her riding a horse. Her magnificent backside squeezed into those tight thin-lined beige jodhpurs, following the contours of her hips, then narrowing towards the folds of her bouncing, wobbling, trotting bottom.

She is naked now; too quickly she pulled her trousers down. She smiles.

I can't speak. It's hard not to show my excitement.

Suddenly she says, 'I think I'd like you to paint me with nothing on today.' I try to catch a glimpse of her bottom as she turns to the mirror and brushes her hair.

I am the image of perfection. I am his inspiration

I let the imagination slip through. She is now as clear as crystal, she opens like a flower, she shows her flesh, she unfolds, she unwraps, candid and spontaneous

In this dream I am a fairy, now a bird, then a fruit, a peach or a pear; a ripe fruit that needs to be cut open and eaten with all its juices, until a round, smooth, hard ball cracks; it can be opened so easily.

She is the most beautiful woman I know. With cherry ice-cream lips that smile. And even when she doesn't smile her eyes do; they shine.

'She looks as sweet as honey. She is golden maple melting syrup and treacle pudding. So sensuous. She has velvet warm fur and winter moonlight skin. So candid, so excitingly, surprisingly revealing. She is my model.'

Little girl wrapped in bows, silk and ripe woman's flesh. Flesh for fantasy.

Paint the thousand colours of my flesh. Paint my fur, stroke my soul; I am your faithful pet, I am your little animal.

Rose, antique polished satin, raw skin. Ivory white. Chinese white. Ochre. Creamy Cornish cream, melting skin. Long back, narrow waist, sinuous winding arching back. Sloping. Brush mixing colours; mixing curves, mixing sensuality.

Then her bottom. Pearl white, full cheeks. Full moon.

They say the moon is feminine. What will happen to me if I bathe myself in this creative femininity?

Look.

It moves, it sways, it has a mind of its own. Undulating and titillating, a tight squeezable bottom. The bottom. Her bottom. Bottom to the infinite power. The power of her bottom. Perfection. Although I'm never after perfection - it is not perfection that makes the perfect painting - I will not be able to capture her true beauty. She moves, she stands, she sits, she stretches like a cat. So her bottom assumes different shapes: at times smaller, tighter, plump, prominent, squashed, apple-shaped, feminine, perfect.

Nude. I paint her nude because she prefers to be nude. My hand pretending to be busy mixing colours; I experience a feeling of deep, boundless joy and a sense of immense gratitude towards this woman. This woman; my favourite model, my muse, my irrational thinking.

Free. I'm free to be whatever I want to be, and now I want to be beautiful.

She's lying on the chaise longue, long and narrow back, serpentine spine, sinking in black velvet draping, content, bottom expanding sinuously from the deep valley and deep slim waist. Facing away from me. Delicious back view; tortuous, twisted twisting seducing rear view. Head dangling backwards, cat-like provocation. Ravishingly beautiful, bewitching, enchanting, entrancing, so visually stunning. Feline looks sending spasms of pleasure and pain along my spine. Thy body is all vice, and thy mind is all virtue.

I know, I can feel, he likes my backside. So I pose as he likes me to pose. Seducing. I want to seduce and I want to love whoever I seduce

'Would you like me to wear stockings?' she says.

'Silk stockings and white bottom excite my amorous propensities,' I reply.

'Who says so?' she asks, giggling.



'I don't remember. It's from a book I've read.'

'You're funny!' she replies, still holding her pose, head dangling, her hair loose and free, shining eyes more feline than ever.

'Or perhaps some knickers?' she continues

Knickers. Sweet word, sweet foreign accent. Blushing faintly, a captivating expression on her face. *Knickers.* Titillating and inviting, see-through silk knickers covering her sumptuous buttocks? Never!

'If you wish!'

'Maybe not, after all,' she whispers teasingly.

The first time I saw her was at a party. She wore a white, transparent summer dress, tight and shapely and even tighter around her bottom. She walked past me and I couldn't help noticing that she wore no knickers beneath it. Watching her from behind. Watching the undulating rhythmical up and down movement of each cheek - of this glorious bottom - with the word *obsession* written on it.

Just like it seduced me then, it's seducing me right now.

In my dream, which is true, I am his model. I'm the seductress, I'm the temptress. Love me with your soft sable brushes, love me with your caresses.

She talks to me with her body, her bottom talks to me; her cheeky full-blossomed bottom arouses and tantalises me. Every time, anytime. I'm close enough to touch it, feel the peach-soft skin, its warmth, its tightness.

I long to pat it, pinch it, caress it, smack it.

'Her bottom talks to me; her cheeky full-blossomed bottom arouses and tantalises me. Every time, anytime. I'm close enough to touch it, feel the peach-soft skin, its warmth, its tightness. I long to pat it, pinch it, caress it, smack it . . .'

He touched me. He stroked my bottom. Obsession took over. Not at all displeasing. A little embarrassing. Ruling passions running through his fingertips. Overwhelming desire to comply; my rear surrendering, obedient, yielding. My innermost self exposed, the bare flesh of my bare bottom humiliated.

My dream on canvas is untitled. Can you give a title to the most beautiful arse? On my canvas I paint her sleek, slinky, flirting tail. I paint it red; Cardinal carmine, cherry coral crimson red. Criss-crossed stripes. Ruby, scarlet vermillion, flames-coloured resplendent rosy pink buttocks. Whipped. Flushed with her riding-crop. Punished for being so cheeky, so audacious, so encouraging, so provocative, so beautifully naughty. My hands sweating, holding tight on the whip. Five strokes and I pause. Her lovely bottom lifts invitingly, begging for mercy, asking for more. More. Lying flat on the chaise longue, facing down. I can see my expression in the mirror. Are we playing Master and servant?

I don't struggle, I don't move. You're taking me into your arms into deep sea, but we don't drown. You think you take control, but the waves do. My waves of passion. I take your blows like kisses. I take your caresses, I take this cane I've been longing for. I'm yours. Now.

She's mine. Without struggling, she takes my blows. She takes them dutifully, she takes them hard. Patient and alert, maybe aroused. Little moans, following the rhythm of my hand, the rhythm of my breathing. Breathing; I'm expelling my own flush of ardour. Heat feeding passion, feeding rage, needing love.

If I had a book the size of your eye I could read it in an instant. Your expression: a thousand fairy tales and secret desires. Now we are in the middle of all oceans on this island of our senses. Now I am your princess, you are the dragon, then the brave soldier saving me from the dragon. Now I am a small thing, like a smooth ball that fits in the palm of your hand.

With the very crop she whips her stallion with, I whip her and pause. I whip her again. I pause. The crop is digging in, biting. The crop is bending, the crop is stinging, marking and bouncing. The crop is stroking, caressing, teasing, communicating, giving. Like the fury of a storm with the gentleness of a feather. Remorselessly, stroke-after-stroke. She wants more. She begs for more, yet she cries no more. She begs me to stop, yet her swollen, scorched flesh reaches upwards, stretches and wriggles playfully. With the crop taking control, with my hand losing control, her bottom takes charge. A bottom amused, receiving humiliation in its role of humble submission in our play, a play of love and of glorious pain. But who is the dominant character? Where is the applause?

I could play your Mistress, I could play your little girl, but I'm a witch setting fire, and fanning burning flames, burning passions, inviting you to Nirvana past a short cut through Hell

I pull her towards me. We stand in front of our reflections; a warm, gentle smile on her face. In our heat, we embrace. My face as ruby as her backside. We breathe, inhaling heat, exhaling relief. We kiss.

In my dream I am his dream, which is now. I am his model, I am his muse.

And now, I am his lover.



Advokate

The Thinking woman strikes out . . .



"LOOKS EVEN BETTER ON A MAN"

Braced toes seek purchase in the carpet; straight, muscular legs slope gracefully upwards, tensed thighs contacting with my lap; unblemished, pneumatic flesh of buttocks presents itself for my attentions; able back reaches towards the floor, head obscured by the strong arms supporting most of the weight. Passive, acquiescent; accepting and resigned, the penitent awaiting punishment in the time-honoured manner.

What power I hold! There are so many things a woman can do to please her man: cook appetising meals, hang decoratively from his arm, knit stylish jumpers . . .

I spank mine.

Taking my time, I admire the planes and contours of the clear skin; the light reflected from body hair; involuntary muscular tics betraying the physical strain; combined scents of arousal and trepidation inviting me to linger longer, to prolong the agony of expectation.

With just one finger I trace a line from the back of a naked knee to the vague indentation where the fleshy bottom-cheek begins. A reflex jerk momentarily threatens balance, but is remedied. The air reverberates with tension and anxious breath. I raise my hand and strike, pink palm-print appearing as silent witness to my act.

No response: not yet. Stoicism in small doses can be admired; if sustained, it becomes a challenge. Either way, it will eventually give way to protestations and pleadings. The poise will be gone, dignity will flee. All that will exist will be my hand on a bare male bottom, administering justice, seeking

retribution, establishing the parameters of this relationship. My lover, by definition, loves me - and I him - and this act of spanking is the ultimate testimony of that love.

There is no need for scripted enactments, no cause for restraining shackles or ritualised humiliation. This has nothing to do with role reversal or power play. We are simply acknowledging who and what we are.

I like the feel of his heavy body, so large and strong, draped across my lap: not just accepting, but inviting, my rigorous attentions. We both know that, physically, he could get up at any time, mock or berate me or even take revenge.

But he won't.

My hand comes down on the crown of his buttocks, then to the side, then low on the crease. The flesh is resilient and stings my palm even as it is being stung. But mine is the power, and his is the suffering.

'I like the feel of his heavy body, so large and strong, draped across my lap: not just accepting, but inviting, my rigorous attentions.'

The sound of my palm striking his flesh reverberates around the room, sharp reports that hurt the ears with their high-pitched zing; dull thuds that echo with menace. The skin of his bottom begins to pucker, contracting in self-defence as the roseate hue spreads and deepens.

After a few protesting kicks his feet stay planted firmly on the floor, but his hips begin to scissor on my

thighs and I can feel the measure of his fear and excitement.

Sometimes I have him stand, legs spread and arms akimbo, whilst I lay into his thighs with a wide, worn, leather strap. He flinches, and his complaints are born of genuine discontent. He has no opportunity to hide his face, avert his eyes: he has to watch me and know that I am observing his minutest reaction. The strap does not appreciate the rising heat of its target's suffering, does not feel sympathy as he shouts his pain. It simply strikes and strikes again, without mercy, raising red bands on flanks that could choose to resist. His upper legs glow scarlet from the assault, while his face turns beetroot with shame.

When I have him bend with his hands on the floor or on a piece of furniture, his bottom forms a gentle curve, claiming false innocence and vulnerability. The cane cuts deep: weals burn with a white heat that turns crimson then purple as I watch. His bravado is spent. My rattan wand can wreck his pseudo-confident posturing with one swipe. It whistles through the air and his lungs empty with a harmonic shriek. His feet stamp in protest and an attempt to absorb the terrible shock. He draws himself up to his full height, challenging my power momentarily, before sinking back to the prescribed pose. I tell him the first is always the worst, but we both know this isn't so: the first is always worse than expected, but the others will be tainted with anticipatory dread and the realisation that memory is powerless to arm one against the real severity of each stroke.



I think I enjoy caning him most. A hand-spanking denotes familiarity, is almost friendly. The belt or tawse is severe and impersonal. But the cane! The cane is unique. It transforms my thoughts and feelings into action. It strips veneers of sophistication and replaces them with base and bestial responses. It symbolises my strength and his submission even as it begins its hissing, parabolic journey. There is no predetermined number of cuts: he must endure whatever I choose to endow. My pleasure rises as his body displays the mounting evidence of our passion.

Yet there are natural limits: I do not damage his skin or draw blood; his spirit is liberated, not broken. The time to stop is not denoted by his cries or writhings, nor by my sympathy: it announces itself with a silent, indefinable signal as tangible and intimate as ejaculation.

Of course, he spansks me too. Sometimes it feels right; occasionally the idea is abhorrent. We know when the time is right. He strikes me with the same calm deliberation he uses for any practical task. He is methodical, unhurried and totally committed to his task. When it is over, I stand in front of the cheval mirror and discuss the marks I bear.

I enjoy seeing my normally pale skin glowing red; feeling my usually sanguine persona obliterated by the impassioned, protesting creature he reveals lurking in my soul. I love the heat that reminds me for hours of his attentions, the marks that stay with me for days. I revel in the affection that blooms anew each time.

But, beyond all this, I love striking him more.



** Each Issue will feature in this space a female writer airing her views on the subject which unites us. - G.S.*

"Censorship Is Not A Democratic Process"

A look at censorship from a surprisingly obvious viewpoint

By Vic Barnes

WORKING for the British Board of Film Certification (BBFC) is obviously a high-risk business. Just think of the danger those poor people are exposed to: I mean, they go into work at nine o'clock and watch a never-ending succession of violent or sexually explicit videos and are made to pass judgement and decide whether any of these 'pornographic' offerings are going to corrupt you and I. It must be a bit like standing in front of a sniper's rifle to test a bullet-proof vest. The risks are obviously enormous, and it makes you wonder how many of these public-spirited martyrs have ended up in psychiatric hospitals, or prison, following their continual exposure to depravation and corruption.

The answer is probably none, which is rather strange because they are little different to me or you. After all, they have been forced to watch the very material (and more of it) that they deem liable to deprave and corrupt us. So, if it hasn't affected them, how can they believe it would affect us? Ah, now there's the rub. Apparently, there has been a wholesale clear-out at the British Board of Film Censors - sorry, *Certification* (the word 'Censors' was censored in 1985) - for what appears to be that very reason.

According to a report in the London *Evening Standard*, James Ferman, 65-year-old director of the BBFC, has dispensed with the services of thirteen part-time examiners to stop them becoming 'stale'. Presumably there's little chance that Ferman himself might become stale, but, such is his autocracy, he is able to sack thirteen people, with differing human characteristics and

tolerance levels, for an identical reason. His own personal and practical qualities, of course, remain fresh, objective, constant and rock-solid.

The *Evening Standard's* film columnist and critic, Alexander Walker, reveals that 'many' felt the 'dismissal' owed more to mutinous conduct by the part-timers because they were faced with an inflexible boss '... resistant to their demand for reform of the system'.

The catalyst appeared to be a 20-year-old film *The Exorcist*, which is perfectly okay to show in cinemas but deemed too 'dangerous' for video release into homes that cannot be adequately 'policed'. It seems that out of a total of nineteen examiners, only one agreed with Ferman. As a consequence, he is reported to have said that 'censorship is not a democratic process'. As if to prove the point, shortly afterwards thirteen of the examiners failed to have their contracts renewed. And *The Exorcist* is still not available on video.

Odd, isn't it, that liberals are defined in the dictionary as 'open-minded', 'giving freely', 'generous', 'not strict or rigorous' and 'for the general broadening of the mind'? Doubtless, the ever-evolving English language will eventually change the definition to something more modern and accurate such as: 'narrow-minded and with a complete rejection of contrary views'.

Unfortunately, the luckless and exasperated thirteen are condemned to silence by contractual obligations and vows. Perhaps Ferman should have said that 'freedom is not a democratic process'.


The BBFC revelations didn't end there. Also reported was the Board's method of 'discouraging' certain film-makers who produce material Ferman does not approve of. One ex-censor claims that selected media is 'put away in a drawer'. It is then left (without certification) for so long that the producers inevitably face crippling interest charges and impatient banks close in like vultures. Physical and financial exhaustion sets in and the material disappears into the great shredder of time.

The *Evening Standard's* feature writer, Alison Roberts, obtained information from two ex-censors who refused to be gagged. One of them, Carol Topolski, said that all those who left were sceptical and uncomfortable about the whole idea of censorship. 'We were, after all,' said Topolski, 'actually cutting people's civil liberties.' She went on to make this observation about James Ferman: '... beware the enthusiastic censor.'

The other, Jeremy O'Grady, complained of an 'absence of clear definition of our specific mandate' and went on to reveal something of the thinking behind putting material 'away in a drawer' '... this happened to several videos... when the BBFC could not be sure how far politicians would swing towards more severe censorship'.

The *Standard's* article is something of a breakthrough, chiefly because the excessive powers and machinations of the BBFC are shrouded in unwarranted secrecy. However, as bad as that is, the biggest outrage must be the Board's lack of public accountability. It also seems that James Ferman has set himself up to become one of the most powerful figures in electronic and visual media.

One would imagine that every drawer at the BBFC - particularly the one

labelled 'incinerator'  is overflowing with CP videos. It's obvious, isn't it? If *The Exorcist* cannot be awarded a certificate, what chance has Penny's *Painful Penance* got? And if a retailer sells a video which is not certificated by

the BBFC, then he is breaking the law. Note though, it is *not* illegal to make the video in the first place, just pointless.

Heaven save us from quangos (such as the BBFC) and do-gooding liberals. I'm not sure which is worse, and I just can't understand the arrogance behind the philosophy that 'my point of view is right and you must live your life according to my narrow and blinkered standards'. Right and wrong are not simply black and white issues. There are shades of grey and multi-faceted degrees (of these and many other subjects) related to decency, discipline, principles and values. Erotica and pornography are also open to subjective interpretation.

Odd, isn't it, that liberals are defined in the dictionary as 'open-minded', 'giving freely', 'generous', 'not strict or rigorous' and 'for the general broadening of the mind'. Doubtless, the ever-evolving English language will eventually change the definition to something more modern and accurate such as: 'narrow-minded and with a complete rejection of contrary views'.

Overstating the case by grossly exaggerating what is *truly* illegal is an obvious debating tactic of anti-porn campaigners (and for the moment this includes the anti-CP lobby). It is certain that the more vehement the argument against the genre, the more it will veer from the mainstream and concentrate on illegal extremes. What this lobby fails to understand is that they are not arguing about pornography, but about a subject which already has laws, namely *crime*.

No responsible or caring human being would argue for violent extremes in pornography. 'Snuff' videos are odious, disgusting and vile and the acts they perpetrate are the product of some of the sickest minds of the 20th century. But these acts are against the law whether they are filmed or not, and like all criminal offences the perpetrators should be hunted down and charged with rape, murder or any other crime their disgusting visual record depicts. Whatever these people are charged with has little to do with pornography, which is an unfortunate by-product of the *real* crime.

Banning something because of its excesses is a bit like saying that because a number of innocent people are killed by drunk drivers, all cars should be banned and driving them made illegal. Of course, this will never happen: everyone realises that drivers who drink constitute only the smallest minority.

It is equally predictable that when you enter into a discussion with 'today's' liberals their arguments are inevitably bolstered by employing inappropriate and extreme language, using evocative words such as 'beat' or 'assault' (instead of 'spank' or 'smack'), while 'violence' replaces any description of physical chastisement, however controlled and consensual such chastisement might be to those directly involved.

Apart from a parent's right to make the decision to smack their child (which will not be discussed here), it is amusing to note that the caning of a female is regarded by the liberal mind as 'violence against women'. Readers will be aware that there are many men who also enjoy being on the receiving end of a cane, especially when wielded by a determined female. This, however, is either conveniently ignored or not regarded as 'violence against men'. Presumably we deserve it!

addiction. Unlike cannabis, though, endorphins and curries are not illegal.

When the debate is constrained to the mainstream there really is little effective argument against CP, or pornography. For example, how can an act which is perfectly legal, such as copulation, suddenly become *illegal* when it is photographed or filmed? Why should the activities of two consenting adults in their own home be the concern of anyone else? I agree that certain, normal human activities might offend or embarrass someone, and this should be considered before displaying or marketing any such material. But throwing out the baby with the bathwater is the worst possible way of solving the problem.

Where to draw the line when defining obscenity will always be a dilemma. There are many arguing the anti-porn case who appear to be in favour of banning sex, not pornography. And when ardent feminists like Andrea Dworkin

It is disturbing that Britain has one of the fastest-rising levels of sexual crime in Europe. Could it be that because we are the only country which bans mainstream pornography, this has something to do with such an unacceptable statistic?

There are a few other decoy questions in the case against pornography, such as whether the genre debases women, but generally this isn't relevant because it is only peripheral to the whole. I'm not trying to say that it isn't important if women are debased, because it is. It is equally important that men aren't debased either, and before the feminists insist that the latter doesn't happen I think it is a matter of how paranoid you are when interpreting visual information. Semantics have no place in determining the outcome of the core argument, and we shouldn't be distracted by them.

Pain is supposed to be akin to pleasure, and there is no question that some females and males are addicted to pain. As incomprehensible as this may seem to the 'anti' lobby, it has a logical explanation. The body combats pain by sending signals to the brain, which then releases endorphins to anaesthetise the area. With continuous stimulation the brain produces an excess, and this provokes a feeling of well-being. Eventually (like eating hot food) this kind of exposure can develop into an

claim that the penetrative sex act is in itself an act of violence against women, I despair.

Answering the other clichéd arguments is not important because they are merely *opinion*, but for the moment let's give them credence. To say it can be proven that pornography incites men to go out and rape women is selective of less than 10% of the finite argument. Undoubtedly it can, but it would be difficult to research the percentage of those to whom this applies, and even more difficult to determine what percentage has used pornography as a safety-valve and *not* raped and assaulted women. This assumes that only men watch pornography, but in America where the 'X-rated' industry is (mostly) regarded as a legitimate business, figures indicate that 38% of industry videos are rented by women.

Admittedly the industry is still generally controlled by men, but as female freedom and equality is embraced by the stronger members of the 'weaker' sex, so they are making their presence felt. At least three of the top producers in

the US 'X-rated' industry are now women. In fact one of them, Candida Royale, specifically produces pornography aimed at and marketed for women.

It is disturbing that Britain has one of the fastest-rising levels of sexual crime in Europe. Could it be that because we are the *only* country which bans mainstream pornography, this has something to do with such an unacceptable statistic? It must be considered by Government that non-availability of pornography *might* be a contributory factor. This is not the fanciful argument that it at first appears, because in countries where pornography has been made legal, sexual crimes have been significantly reduced. Most notable

of these countries are Germany, with a reduction of over 30%, and Denmark, who exceeded 50%. Exact figures, which are greater, can be found in the book *Porn Gold*, which is (currently) not at hand.

Assuming we accept that people over the age of 21 are intelligent and capable enough to decide what they want to view or read, in the event that pornography is legalised, what then?

It is obvious that people who object, are embarrassed or easily offended by sexually explicit material should be protected. Videos and books showing CP and other perfectly legal acts would have to be sold in approved (or even licensed) outlets. If distribution is wider, then this

material should not display on its packaging, or cover, images which might cause offence to even a small minority. Shrink-wrapping anything which might offend is not too high a price to pay by producers who stand to make a fortune. And they *will* make a fortune because the demand is huge, though we shouldn't hold that against them!

If only Britain's politicians could apply common sense to the problem of legalising pornography (as every other European country has), then there would be no need for quangos like the BBFC. And we wouldn't have to put up with dinosaurs like James Ferman.

Lemmy Speak



MY patent leathers hit sidewalk and ran. It took maybe five hiccups and a snapped suspender to realise my legs were attached to them, while my head seemed some place else altogether. Lemuel Wackham, Esquire, was on the trail again, with a hangover-lookalike you could put out to sea with and take on paying passengers.

Some smartie had spiked my cocoa.

I knew who, too. She wuz all of thirty-two years old, with a figure that would have a Greek statue callin' for a re-sculpt; hair the colour of hay and a grin you wanted to take home and hang on the wall.

'Mister Wackham,' she'd begun, hittin' me with her perfume and battin' two-inch eyelashes. 'I want to ask you a question.' Classy, too - believe me when I tell you this dame *breathed* the stuff.

'A question? Someone need a piece of discipline? My rates are fifty smackers a day plus expenses. So hit me with it, Miss, er . . .' Beneath the desk I adjusted my spats, figuring that where the Wackham neck with its tattered collar might strike a wrong note, I aimed to be just hummin' in the ankles department for a chick like this.

'What is peculiar about a pair of legs?' she asked in a voice ya could play Mozart to.

I blinked. What kinda question wuz that? 'My legs, ya mean?'

She grinned, cherry-lipped, lamps merry as maybe. 'Not especially, Mister Wackham. Any legs.'

'Yours too?'

'Certainly mine. Oh yes, most certainly.'

'Ya got me then,' I said. 'What *is* peculiar about a pair of legs? Especially yours.'

'Why,' she laughed, 'the bottom's at the top, of course!'

The gag hit. I gagged, floundering for the milkjug. 'And what's more,' I heard her say as my senses began the fifty yards breast-stroke, 'you'll never get my bottom!'

It was then she musta put a Mickey Finn in my end-of-day beverage, coz when I woke up, even tomorrow wuz gettin' five o'clock shadow, an' I knew I'd been duped by the very woman I'd been hired by her harassed boss to invite in for a little correctional therapy.

Which is why I wuz hot on her trail again - well, maybe a few degrees less than hot, but I aimed to find her, and when I did . . .

Hey, wait a minute, I got carried away. Ain't Lemmy supposed to be *introducin'* this magazine? In the foist edition there was me in full colour and my better shirt, on page four. Last issue it wuz page twelve with a black-white necktie. What page is this - *eighteen*? Send for the boss - send for the boss . . .



CONSULT LUCY

Lucy Goodman is an academic, educationalist and writer with wide and varied experience (both 'hands on' and 'behind The Scene') of spanking, fetishism and most related subjects. She doesn't claim to have all the answers, but if you have a question she will be happy to share her opinion with you.

Q A while ago I had (via the Privilege Contact Service) a brief but exciting relationship with a married woman whose husband wasn't into the scene. Together we explored many areas of CP, and the sex was sensational (I thought). But at the height of it all she threw me over because I got too keen, and I was a very sad bunny for a long time. Recently she got in touch again, is divorced now and technically free, but seems to want no more than friendship. Badly hurt as I was by the way she broke it up before, would I be a fool to try and start something with her again?

Eddie H,
Redditch

A Yes, you would be a complete idiot. A married woman had the gumption to find a CP partner through a contact magazine; she conducted an affair; she dictated what the boundaries were and chose to end the relationship when it ceased to suit her. It seems to me that if she wanted to restart your previous situation she would be more than capable of saying so.

'A while ago' she had a particular lifestyle; now she is in a different one. She has had experiences without you and has been altered by them. You have had experiences without her and have been altered by them. Things have moved on.

She's offered you a role as friend; as before, she's letting you know what's on offer; it's up to you to take it or leave it. I suspect if you try to turn it into anything else, you'll lose her company entirely. If you want a CP partner, use our contacts column and let your friendship with this woman progress along its own course.

Q Is it true a woman can orgasm while being severely punished? Sure, I've read it in all the stories, but I've never known it happen in reality and can't really bring myself to believe it. If it does ever happen, can you advance any psychological or biological theory for this?

S.F.L.,
Newcastle

A I'm tempted to say 'read my reply to Gerald B's enquiry in my Star Query', but maybe some further comment is warranted.

Yes, some people can reach a sexual climax whilst engaging in CP-related activities. Some people can't. Others almost make it but not quite. It's a complex issue, and I will not advance quasi-medical theories for which I am unqualified. However, whatever a person's predisposition, it takes more than just a sound thrashing to bring them off: it's a combination of mood, circumstances, empathy, trust... Different strokes for different folks, in fact.



* Send your queries or problems to Lucy Goodman at Privilege Plus+, 40 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PB. Lucy regrets that she cannot enter into private correspondence. - G.S.

LUCY'S STAR QUERY

Q I'm in my mid-40s. Having for many years fantasised over giving and receiving CP, I was recently fortunate enough to meet a lady with whom to practise it. I am able to strike her quite hard - well, really very hard - with the cane, which she finds arousing and fulfilling. But when I attempt to live out my own dreams of being beaten, I find I'm a bit of a coward and can't take it anything like as hard as her without it becoming an extremely painful ordeal that isn't at all sexy. Is the female of the species better able to take pain than men, or what?

Gerald B.,
Northampton

A That's certainly an idea that has strong adherents. However, I'm not amongst them. Individuals, whatever their gender or sexual orientation, have different thresholds. Some people can sustain the sexual act longer than others, some seek demanding positions, some need a lot of verbal stimulation and others need a great deal of foreplay. When it comes to erotic disciplinary activities, the reality can sometimes come as a bit of a shock: being caned is painful! However, tolerance to pain can be raised by circumstances. It has less to do with how hard the implement is being applied than the situation in which the act is taking place.

In a state of high arousal, we are all capable of being handled more roughly than we would permit in everyday life: we utter profanities with wanton abandon and perform acts we wouldn't discuss with our maiden aunts. If the cane is applied in a teasing way, gradually building in intensity, an actual need for more severity is often invoked in the recipient. If the person being caned derives pleasure from psychological domination or from play-acting, these will enable them to accept greater punishment.

I suspect that when you deal with your ladyfriend, she is already excited by the idea and the knowledge that she has been able to accept a fairly severe caning in the past. She therefore has less fear of what is to come, and is able to accept what you regard as a hard caning.

You, on the other hand, seem to approach the act with some trepidation, regarding it as a bit of an experiment, so you are more inhibited and able to accept less. Next time, don't even try to take a full caning: ask your partner to just apply a prolonged, light tapping of the cane all over your buttocks. As you learn to relax and take what you know is going to be well within your personal boundaries, you will find you gradually can - and want to - be dealt with more severely.

But don't worry - it's not supposed to be a competition!

The Little Fire of London

my wife sends for me to come home, and what was it but to see the pretty girl (Deb Willett) which she is taking to wait upon her, and she indeed is mighty pretty, so pretty that I find I shall be too much pleased with it . . .
(Samuel Pepys, September 27th 1667)

I am Deborah Willett, born in the west country of this fine land, and able to write and read, having been scholar at a Bow school these seven years past. Does Mr Pepys, I wonder, write of such a tiny being as I against the great world he describes? Yet this form of writing is such as I have never seen, being nought but strokes and curls. So now I never can know! Yet in the few weeks since I am engaged as companion to his good wife, he hath fix'd me with such heated gazes, and at times touched me in places where a gentleman ought not to touch a chaste and innocent girl . . .

Winter 1667. London is being rebuilt after the devastation of the Great Fire in September of the previous year. Samuel Pepys's house in Seething Lane near Tower Hill escaped the flames, though such were the diabolical dread and panic as the inferno approached that he buried his gold and valuables in his garden. As Clerk of the Acts to the Navy Board, Pepys's stock and influence is on the rise. He is 34 years old and has been keeping a diary since 1660, the year Charles II was restored to the throne following the disastrously revived 'Rump Parliament': 'Boys now do cry "Kiss my Parliament!" instead of "Kiss my arse!" so great and general a contempt is the Rump come to among all men, good and bad'.

But Pepys's diary (written in shorthand to deny peeping eyes such as Deb's) records not only the



political and momentous events of the day, and is acknowledged to be a literary tour de force which will live down the centuries; it also

reveals his private thoughts, secret desires and weaknesses, including amorous dalliances with actresses, maid servants and other men's wives.



'Tis the first time I have ventured into my Master's study, and Mistress would be vex'd were she not abroad at the milliner's, and I for change not to accompany her. Even more vex'd would my Master, Mr Pepys, be to find me in his inner chamber in poor pretence at dusting and cleaning, but the chance for sight of the diary he writeth betimes is too fair a one to miss.

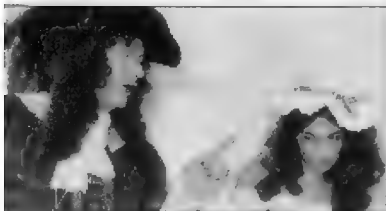
England is at war with Holland. Although in January this year the King began to negotiate a peace treaty, in June the Dutch fleet of 51 men o'war, 14 fire ships and three frigates sailed up the Thames into the Medway estuary, destroying the English fleet which was there and towing away the pride of the Navy, the flagship Royal Charles.

Since the Restoration of the monarchy, times have been stormy, with 'regicides' (Cromwellians involved in the trial and execution of Charles I) being hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn. Samuel Pepys, who watched many of the executions, records that one General Harrison went to the scaffold 'as cheerful as any man could in that condition'.

For fancy! - me, little Deb Willett with such a quill, penning great thoughts and powerful moments as doth he! Why, my Master was among those who sailed forth to Holland to fetch back our Sovereign King Charles to his throne! Only suppose that I were writing of the mighty words which fell from royal lips. Let me take up the pen, and . . .

"Oh! Mercy me. The ink I have spilt! I am undone! Should I run? Hide? Deny 'twas of my doing? I hear a foot-tread, all is too late! My Master, unaccountably early, is again to house.

"Deb," he saith, in deep and terrible tone. "May Hell suck your soul!" He peers closer at the page, face terrible to behold. "Dost know what thou hast done, my clumsy, brazen little trespasser? Now must I needs write anew my account of the Great Fire Of London!"



The year before the Great Fire came a great plague, which killed up to 100,000 Londoners - a fifth of the capital's population. The King, his court and parliament all fled the city. The dead were buried in great pits. Thought at the time to have come

from a miasma emanating from the earth, the real cause of this bubonic plague was (as in the Black Death of 1348-9) the bite of fleas from infected rats. There is no known cure. Although it abated towards the year's end, the disease spread northwards

throughout the country. Pepys writes: *'But Lord, how empty the streets are, and melancholy, so many poor sick people full of sores, and so many sad stories overheard as I walk . . .'* In London it took the Great Fire to finally kill off the plague.



How my poor ears throb as my Master rails at me. "I must punish thee, Deb," saith he, cold-faced and stern so that I shrink and tremble. "Lift up thy skirts and show me those parts which

nature hath designed for the purpose of chastisement!" How my cheeks redden for shame as I do his bidding, thankful that my under-drawers at least shall guard in some degree my modesty.

Why then doth he look so keenly at my hinder parts, slap lips and make expression as of one in admiration of some piece of artwork? He claps me with his hand there! Ow!



Then he seteth me on my knees upon the very chair in which he sits to write. "But you, my pretty

Deb," he saith, "shall find the sitting down full sore by the time this chapter be blotted!" He

lifteth the stick he takes for walking. I cry out: No, Master! No-o-o-o . . .

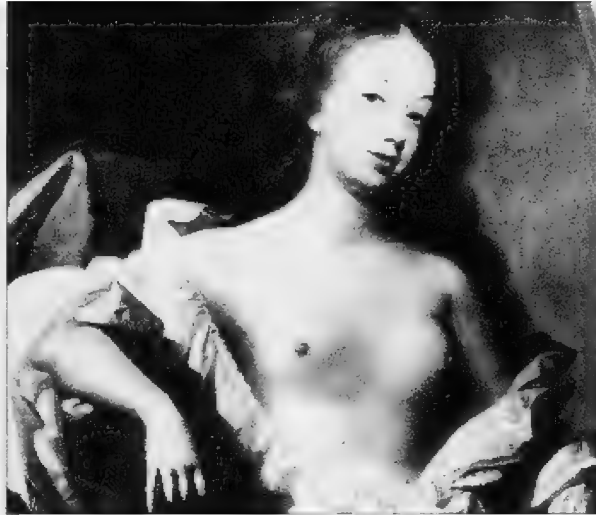


How he beateth me upon my poor, soft things! Indeed I cannot bear to mention so immodest a part of my person, yet my Master hath no such scruples as his

stick strikes it most horrible hard again and then again. "Oh Deb," he calls, in some strange transport which I comprehend not, "thy face may be the fairest I

e'er have seen, but thine arse surely transcends all the wonders any man's eyes have beheld!" I'm sure I cannot think what he might mean.

Charles II is by now known to be a great sensualist, having had mistresses galore, notably a great (and married) beauty of the time, Lady Castlemaine - of whom Pepys rather primly wrote: '*... I know well enough she is a whore*'. Tired of milady's tantrums, however, the king turns this year to a petite actress called Nell Gwynn - whom Pepys visited at the theatre and described as being: '*... very pretty, prettier than I thought*'. What? Oh, very well, if you must - here's what the lady looked like:



But we digress . . .



"Down, now," my Master cryeth - and oh! such shame as never could I have imagined when he croucheth low behind me and pulls at my under-drawers

till I am full exposed! Tears 'scape mine eyes: this is more than flesh can bear. I feel his breath hot upon my nakedness there - then, as my blushes

deepen, he commands me up on the chair to crouch - the better, as my Master saith, to see "this wondrous work of nature's art."



Oh! Oh! Aaagh! How he smiteth
me now with his hand until I

know not which are hotter, the
cheeks of my face, or those others

behind me, with which my Master
seems so uncommon taken.

But if Charles II is a sensualist, so then is Samuel Pepys, a man the king knows in person, as does one Christopher Wren, with whom Pepys is known to confer. Eight years ago an unbearably painful kidney stone was cut from the diarist in an incredibly fast and efficient operation, without anaesthetic. It is posited that this increased his sexual desires, for no woman is safe in his company. His wife Elizabeth - herself a most attractive Huguenot girl born in Devon, and still now only 27 - bears his suspected infidelities with increasing exasperation, always lacking proof. In his diary Pepys records how he would attempt to fondle pretty women - in crowds, in church, once at a public execution! His known occasional mistresses are actresses Mrs Pearse and Mrs Knepp, also a Mrs Martin and - most shamefully - the wife of a Deptford carpenter, Mrs Bagwell, who accommodated him in the hope that he would use his influence at the Navy Board to get her husband a better job.





Yet now, though my hinder parts do burn and spark from my Master's administrations thereon, he bids me disrobe. This cannot be countenanced! - no man hath yet seen me in nakedness, for such was always to be my husband's pleasure, should I ever win one. Yet comes his voice, all force and blizzard-cold (although, it must be said, his eyes look to be hot).

In agonies of shame I am unburthened of my clothing. I stand there a-tinge and jealous for my maidenhood as now he grasps my hand, all like a lover, a tugging of an arm impossible strong, and I am lain across his legs like some sprawling wanton as his hand begins to smite and smite so painfully there upon my rearmost cheeks. Slap-and-smack-and-slap in fervent rhythms till my hind-parts feel themselves truly afire, and blazing up, e'en as I watched the houses on London Bridge this last year redly drown in sparks and flame!





But Pepys is not the only one to wield a pen: this year John Milton publishes an epic poem entitled *Paradise Lost*. The 'medical marvel of the century' occurs this October when artificial respiration, practised for the first

time on a young woman hanged for infanticide, brings her back to life. Cattle-raiding in the Scottish Highlands is so endemic that the privy council empowers magnates to police the region. In August, a royal

charter incorporates the College of Physicians. Meanwhile, in Edinburgh, Parliament appoints commissioners to assess the lately-introduced land tax, and . . . *hold it, hold it - this is getting boring.*



"Deb," my Master is saying, "Sweet Deb, thou knowst I love thee, if not true then certainly strong." He hath sat me upon his lap where he pets and cossets me, though my seat doth give me pain. He showeth me his book and

grants me sight of how he writes fine words therein. "In thy most pretty arse I have kindled a little fire of London all thine own," I hear him speak. "I pray the lesson hath been learned, never again to pry." Master, it hath, and

right sorely, I assure him, hoping that now he will free me that I may prepare for my Mistress's return.

"And so to bed?" I hear him say in murmurous tones.

I'm sure I cannot think what he might mean. *



**Historical Note:* On 26th October 1668, while Deb was 'combing my head' as one of her duties, Elizabeth Pepys came upon her husband 'embracing the girl with my hand under her coats; indeed with my hand in her cunny . . .' Although the girl was still apparently technically chaste, Elizabeth was jealous to the point of distraction, on one

occasion attacking Pepys with red-hot tongs. Only by the girl leaving their employ could the marriage be saved. Yet Pepys continued to yearn for 'my Deb', ardent for her maidenhead. It seems he never got it, but there is no doubt that the diarist was in an anguish of genuine love for the quiet-natured, beautiful girl.

The last image we have of Deb Willett in the diary is (26th April 1669): 'And just at Temple Gate, I spied Deb with another gentlewoman, and Deb winked on me and smiled, but undiscovered, and I was glad to see her'.

After this, she vanishes forever into the mists of time.



M ANDY

Privilege Party Girl

With Our Reporter

SHE is tall, slender and perfectly proportioned, a cascade of carefully disarrayed golden hair falls to her shoulders and scatters. Lips, lipsticked and kissable, smile a greeting. With appealing, intelligent, surprisingly innocent blue eyes she appraises me, the man from *Privilege Plus*, as she admits me to the cosy home she shares with her husband.

Thought I'd better get that out of the way first. How could there not be a man in Mandy's life? No doubt she will laugh when she reads it, but being with her like this is a bit like finding oneself suddenly at close quarters with a pop star or a member of royalty.

I enter the front room, and can't help noticing two crook-handled canes standing in the corner. Well, where else would they stand? A black oval rubber paddle lies on top of the television. Behind a closed door a dog snuffles, scratches and occasionally whimpers. Mandy is lovely, dressed in tight, hip-hugging pale blue jeans and a creamy mohair top which moulds her breasts. Her perfume is subtle and stirs the senses. When I've recovered my breath, I ask what it is. 'Chanel Number 19,' comes the reply in quiet, curiously attractive northern tones. As she bends to put down the coffee tray I glance, as Galileo might have eyed the sun, at Mandy's wonderful bottom tautly encased in the constraining jeans.

We sit together and talk, and suddenly all is easy, like a pleasant chat with a vivid friend who has done many things most of us wouldn't dare to, and looks fantastic on it.

'So what exactly is it like to have that beautiful bottom of yours spanked and caned at a *Privilege* luncheon party?' I blurt out.

I had hoped to begin the interview subtly. Never mind, because Mandy doesn't. She is a jewel, and smiles a lot. She models

'It is a bit nerve-wracking beforehand, wondering how far the punishments might go, and how hard it's going to feel when you're bent over a stool or a table out in front of everybody...'

full-time, mostly nude and glamour, but has recently begun a three-year university course for a BA in Criminology.

Yes, gentlemen. Criminology.

'I do a lot of fetish work: catalogues, fetish magazines, that kind of thing,' she tells me. 'Leather, rubber, PVC, bondage, all that.'

'And appear in *Janus*, of course.'

'Oh yes.'



Who could forget "Brenda Watkins" in her sawn-off denim shorts? Yet the thought of the said Brenda studying for a BA, playing guitar (Mandy's husband is a pop musician), reading long novels and keeping a dog seems somewhat bizarre. Behind the door the dog gives another little growl and snuffle.

'Quiet,' Mandy calls, and there is silence. 'I quite like going to parties,' she replies to my next question, 'but I don't like pubs or clubs. I enjoy getting dressed up in the fetish gear, and often wear the clothes privately. Feeling the fabrics, the rubber or nylon or whatever, against my skin is really nice.'

'Is it a sexy feeling?'

'Oh yes,' Mandy smiles. 'It's quite arousing just to wear it. Dressing up gets me in the mood.'

'How about a *Privilege* party? What happens when you're invited to, er, perform at one?'

For those who have never been to one of these unforgettable functions, the guests sit at tables around a central area in an

intimate, warmly-lit ambience, drink wine, enjoy a meal with fellow enthusiasts, and watch Mandy and her alluringly naughty colleagues get variously spanked, caned, slippered, strapped and occasionally birched on their naked posteriors in a variety of costumes and sometimes nude, all for the delectation and delight of the observers (and occasional participants).

The dog scratches at the door and gives a whine. 'The person organising the event phones each girl about a week before and asks if we want to do it. On the day, we all meet up in a pub near the venue and get taken there together.'

'Is it just like another job to you?' I ask. 'Are you nervous at all?'

She pauses, considering. 'No, a *Privilege* lunch party is different to the usual. For a start it's a good laugh with the girls - there can be up to ten or twelve of us - and we usually all know each other. But it is a bit nerve-wracking beforehand, wondering how far the punishments might go, and how hard it's going to feel when you're bent over a stool or a table out in front of everybody for a caning. So, yes, I do feel a bit ... worried.'

Before the action starts at the party, and the guests are drinking wine and chatting, the girls walk around talking to people and making themselves known. I ask whether this is spontaneously done. 'I think the organisers like us to mingle, but the girls do too,' she says. 'We'd rather do that than stay in the dressing room, and it's good to meet people and it breaks the ice a bit.'

'What do you and the girls think of the *Privilege* Club Members who attend the luncheon parties?' Mandy smiles and makes a face. 'Go on,' I urge, 'be brutally frank.'

'Most of them seem really okay. Friendly and nice. Some are a bit shy, and some a bit forward, but all of them seem to be ...' She searches for the word. 'Gentlemen. Decent people. You can talk to them. Sometimes some of them get a bit carried away when the wine's flowing and the action's well advanced, but most of the time they're fine.'

I ask her if the punishments really hurt as much as they seem to.



Or is there some subtle trickery at work? Mandy merely laughs at my naivety.

'It hurts, and hurts a lot,' she says. 'There's no way it can be faked. I can put up with the pain, but it depends on who's doing it. I prefer the cane, anyway. I'll only ever take the cane now. I hate hand-spanking, can't stand it. I don't mind the paddle or the tawse, I suppose, but the cane's what I take best.'

'Isn't the cane one of the most painful implements to be punished with?' I put to her in surprise.

'Maybe,' she says. 'But, for me, the sensation is different to anything else. It's like a *thin* sort of pain. Once you've taken the first stroke, then the second and third and so on become easier. It's like a thin sort of tingling. It still *hurts* - but I don't find it as bad as being spanked because every time the hand hits your bottom it hurts just as

much, and gets worse the longer the spanking goes on. But with the cane it doesn't.' She grins. 'Some of the other girls think I'm mad to prefer the cane. Most of them volunteer for anything *but* that.'

'Do you find it sexy, being punished?' I can't help asking. 'Is it an erotic turn-on for you?'

'Usually, yeh. Of course, it's totally different from a lot of sexual things. It isn't something I took to immediately, but when I got used to it I developed these sexual feelings about it. I think maybe you either like it or hate it straight off. All I can say is, I didn't hate it.'

I ask Mandy how she first discovered that she liked to take corporal punishment. She considers this with a slight frown. 'I never had it at school or at home when I was growing up,' she says slowly. 'Though I know that some people who went to private and boarding schools and got the slipper and cane get involved in CP later in life for that reason. But I only found out I liked it about four or five years ago when someone asked me to do a video of just hand-spanking. So I did a ten-minute bit on this video, getting my bare bum spanked over a man's lap, and I quite enjoyed it. Then, on the same video, I had the cane - and realised that I preferred that to the spanking.'

'Do you think women are better at receiving pain than men?'

'Yes,' she answers at once. 'Definitely.'

'What's the most number of strokes you've taken at one time?'

'Seventy.' Mandy laughs out loud at my expression. 'It's the most I've ever taken in one go, and it wasn't at a *Privilege* party, it was for a CP video. It really is how you imagine it to be, plus a bit more, and the pain of it takes your breath away. Of course it depends who's doing it and how hard they're hitting, or if they catch you in the right place, and the cane doesn't come round the side of your leg and bite your hip with the cane-tip. *That's* when it hurts. But if the caning's done properly, and it doesn't hit too high up your back or too low down your legs, then it's okay.'

Talking bottoms and punishments with this beautiful girl could become addictive, I muse to myself,

making a mental note to buy my own lady some Chanel Number 19. 'Is it correct that the bottom gets more numb as the caning continues?'

'Yeh,' she says. 'The bottom sort of goes a bit numb, so it's easier to take each stroke. At a *Privilege* luncheon party it's usually no more than twelve strokes at a time, or a hundred hand-spanks, or a hundred with whatever else.'

'What about the caning cabarets?'

genuine because it's really hurting. They like to see you cry, but I won't do it. You can't help pulling faces while it's happening, but I won't cry or beg them to stop. It's my pride. That's why I lose.'

'So the girl who takes it *worst* wins the competition?'

Mandy grins. 'I suppose that's right.'

'And gets another dozen for her pains.'

She laughs. 'Yeh.'

I have often wondered whether a



She smiles, remembering her times under fire. 'In the caning competition there's a number of us bent over, and the one who takes twelve strokes the best wins. The audience hand in little voting papers, and the girl who wins has to take the same amount again. I usually lose those, because the audience like the girls to yell out and scream. A lot of girls really do hate it, and prefer almost anything else to the cane, so their noise is

punishment feels any different if the recipient is sexually attracted to the person administering it. Now is my chance to ask. Mandy doesn't hesitate. 'Not for me. I really don't mind who's doing it. It's the sensation of the cane hitting my bottom that's exciting, so it makes no difference which man is wielding it. But I've been caned by women as well, and they do it harder.'

'A woman canes harder?'

'Oh yes. If a woman's really into

it, she can be a lot rougher than a man with you.'

'Under what circumstances have you been caned by a woman?' I am intrigued to know.

'At private, spanking parties and on videos. They put everything into it, they don't hold anything back. Well they can't, really,' she adds understandingly.

'How about when a *Privilege* party guest is invited forward to deal with one of the girls. Do they usually hold back a bit?' I ask.

Again Mandy smiles. 'No way. I've had one who was voted "*Janus* Employee Of The Year" last year, and he was asked to pick a girl to spank for ten minutes. And he picked me, and put a leather glove on.' She grimaces at the memory. 'Then he put me over his knee and - well, it was a bit of a nightmare, because he spanked and spanked and wouldn't stop.'

'What were you wearing?'

'Schoolgirl uniform. Gymslip and blouse and stripy tie.'

'Did you keep your knickers on, or did he take them down?'

Mandy smiles in surprise. 'Do you know, I can't remember. All I know is, it seemed to go on for ages, and everyone was shouting and cheering ...'

A whimper and scratching recalls the dog on the other side of the door. I fix Mandy with what I hope is a sympathetic gaze. 'Can you tell me what happens to your bottom after it's been through the ravages of a *Privilege* party? I mean, what does it look like the following day?'

She takes a moment to reflect. 'There's usually quite a lot of marks. It isn't as raised and bruised as happens when you've taken a lot more strokes than you've had, but the marks usually take about a fortnight to go completely. There are welts on my bottom, and small raised areas where the skin goes puffy, like little puffy spots where the cane's caught it at a funny angle. And a bit of bruising too.'

I ask her if the girls put anything on their bottoms to ease things a bit. Mandy gives a laugh, tilting back her head to show a perfect throat. It fascinates me that such beauty should court pain and exposure of her most intimate body-zones to a group of strangers, and come back

for more again and again. 'We put witch hazel on the sore bits.' She laughs again. 'But before it all starts we try to rub in some Ivy Leaf, which is supposed to be a pain-killing gel.'

'Does it help?'

'No. Well, the gel doesn't. I've never tried anything else, but I really don't think it would work anyway. We take it on our bare bottoms, so there isn't much you can do about it.'

'What about having someone smear cream on your bottom afterwards?'

Mandy grins. 'It doesn't make any difference to the marks you're left with. But it does feel nice and cooling. They often do that on videos, to finish it off. I've often had that done.'

'Is it a sexy feeling?'

'Mm. In a way.'

In the quest for truth and enlightenment, I now put to Mandy what is no doubt a rather obvious query, but your intrepid investigator needs to know. 'How painful is it really,' I ask, 'to sit down after a sound whacking on your bare bum?'

'Depending on how hard the punishment's been,' she says, 'sometimes I can't sit down for a couple of days. But it's not just the sitting down, it hurts when you walk about too - at the very least for quite a few hours afterwards. It's a hot, stinging feeling that takes a long time to go away. So you don't have to put pressure on your bottom to feel it, you can feel it stinging when you're standing up.'

'Isn't this "afterglow" quite nice, a sort of smouldering tingle?'

'Yea, it's okay.' (How I love Mandy's understatement!) 'If the caning wasn't too bad and there aren't many marks, the feeling's definitely pleasant. But if the punishment was too much, and you're marked a lot, it's like a constant dull ache. I don't find much pleasure in that, but other girls might.'

I find it impossible not to ask Mandy whether being punished in front of all these guests, every one of them fascinated by corporal punishment and watching with excited fervour as she gets her bare buttocks thrashed, isn't something of a turn-on for her.

'It is a good feeling, yes,' she admits with a smile. 'It is a turn-on, definitely. It is for most of the others, too. I know of one girl who goes because she loves getting beaten so much she doesn't want any payment. It is arousing to bare yourself in front of everybody and know they're all looking, and maybe wishing it was them doing the caning or spanking or slipping or whatever it is. None of the girls ever try to get out of it - they know what they're there for, so there's no moaning or anything, and everyone gets on with the action in the order worked out beforehand.'

'Are you aware,' I say, 'that for many *Privilege* partygoers what you are representing to them when you submit to a caning is an incredible private fantasy brought to life before their eyes?'

Mandy looks soberly at me. 'Yes,' she says. 'The girls actually are aware of that. It's nice when in between sessions guests come up and talk to us, ask us about ourselves and how we came to be at the party. Some ask a girl if she'll punish them. And we usually say yes, so there's usually a few of the male guests who end up getting caned themselves.'

'Do you take their trousers down for this?'

Again Mandy laughs in that delightful, faintly scandalised way which is so appealing. 'Yeh, we do.'

'So you enjoy dishing it out as well as receiving?'

'Oh yes. In fact I've been doing a lot more of that lately. I've been given a lot of domination parties, CP videos and so on. That's how I've got away from always being a submissive on the receiving end.'

'You enjoy the sense of power it brings, to wield a cane?'

'Oh yes! I love dressing up like a dominatrix, leather boots and catsuit and everything, and I work for a couple of companies that specialise in female domination videos. For sale abroad, of course.'

'Of course,' I ask Mandy what sort of scenarios she enacts in them.

'I have a male servant who I dominate. I can do whatever I want with him. But it's usually not the cane, it's straps and other things you use. The last one I did started in a house and he lived there, and I



made him do housework and various humiliating things, and pushed him around a bit. In the end I punished him with a strap. The other week I did one with a woman. Her boyfriend was there and they were into something called Japanese bondage, and I had to drip hot wax on her, and ...'

'Mandy! Please ...'

'But they loved it, it was what they did in private, for pleasure. She wore Japanese nipple clamps, and ...'

'Is corporal punishment something you practise at home at all?' I ask desperately. The image of hot wax evaporates, and the phantom female, struggling in her

gag and Japanese bonds, melts away through the walls.

Mandy looks across me to where the two canes stand as testimony to the truth of her reply. 'Oh yes,' she says. 'I couldn't imagine being in a relationship with someone who wasn't interested in corporal punishment. With a lot of men, if their partner isn't interested they just go out and find it somewhere else. Not just the men, either - I've met quite a few women in the past year or so who are into it quite heavily. Not on a paid or paying basis, but on a personal basis, in their own lives.'

I ask Mandy if she considers CP to be a minority activity, and her

reply surprises me with its force and candour. 'When people finally decide to do something about the fact that they like it and want to do it, they soon find out that a lot more people than they imagined are into spanking and corporal punishment. Just by listening, and meeting people by chance on the scene, or reading magazines like *Janus*, or at parties like the *Privilege* ones, you realise this. But it's not something you can talk about in normal conversation. I'd probably be scared to ask a woman, if I were a fellow. It isn't a subject you can easily broach. And women, even if they like the idea of it, don't always like to admit it.'

'I suppose you realise that you're the kind of girl most men only dream about but never meet?' I tell her. 'You're young, beautiful, you love to give and receive corporal punishment. Why aren't there more like you?'

Laughing, Mandy protests, 'There are plenty of us, you just have to find us.'

I look again at the canes in the corner. 'All this, and you do it at home too. Is love-making better after a good thrashing?'

'I'm not going to tell you,' she says, still smiling. Mandy doesn't need to, her eyes say it for her. 'I've a paddle here too,' she goes on, 'and some straps, as well as the canes.'

'How often do you use them?'

'Quite a lot, really. The dog likes it, too.'

'You spank the dog?'

'Oh yes, with the paddle, on his bottom. Quite hard. He loves it.'

The animal on the other side of the door gives an excited yelp, and scratches madly at the woodwork. Mandy picks up the paddle from the top of the television and moves towards the closed door. 'I'll let him in, and you can you have a go at him. I'm sure he wouldn't mind.'

'What kind of dog is he?' I ask with a touch of apprehension. It is making animated barks now, sensing imminent release.

'A pit bull terrier.'

'A pit bull?'

'He's so sweet, really, more like a baby. Come on, Tiger darling, come on in.'

I make my excuses and leave ... •





FAITH hadn't felt like this in ten, no it must have been twelve, years. As she turned the corner into the main road of the old village it hit her like a warm gust of air from an underground grill. The emotion seemed to rise up from the pavement, pricking her hot thighs under her thin summer frock and jabbing into her groin with a startling intensity. It was so strong, so unexpected, it turned her muscles to rubber and she almost stopped walking completely. For the hundredth time that day she couldn't believe she was doing this.

The High Street was a busy market-day scene. On either side, before half-timbered houses lopsided with age, and chocolate-box thatched cottages, the hopeful merchants had set up their tattered stalls as they had done once a week for the last five hundred years. Above the general hubbub of cars and customers the cries of the vegetable sellers rose, each clamouring to best the last with its particular stridency or cheek.

Faith joined the line of shoppers slowly threading their way between the steel-pole-and-ragged-canvas constructions. The smells of the different stalls coiled up to her nostrils: fresh-baked

bread; flowers moist with that morning's dew; sizzling beefburgers and fried onions. Her senses were heightened today, and each new aroma seemed more enticing than the last.

For some reason it appeared even more crowded than on a usual market day. Old ladies in pastel colours, their spouses in tan windcheaters and tan polyester slacks, jostled for bargains alongside harassed young mothers in black leggings constantly side-tracked by the antics of their sweet-sticky children. They were all there, and Faith was bound to bump into someone she knew. It wasn't exactly a small village, but even so, after five years you did tend to meet people. Especially Faith Brightman. The thought brought a smile to her lips. If only her friends knew where she was going. They wouldn't believe it, even if she told them. She hardly believed it herself. Crazy, they would say. Totally insane.

Then, as she was slipping her trim 35-year-old figure between an ancient turbaned Indian selling sweets and an adolescent leather jacket salesman, cocky beyond his years, a hand brushed against her thinly-clad bottom. Unbelievably she felt young fingers cupping the swell of her buttock and squeezing the firm flesh rudely.

'Want to buy a jacket, darling?'

She was so taken by surprise, she didn't even pull away from the fondling hand until, encouraged, it slid lower, cupped the thin cotton of her loose dress against the lower curve of one bottom-cheek, did a quick exploration of the shape of her rear and the line of her panties and then, with practised familiarity, gently patted the full mature bottom of a woman more than twice its age. It was only a couple of seconds, but Faith felt almost as if she had been possessed sexually in that instant of unexpected intimacy, right there in the middle of the teeming market place.

She came to her senses. 'Er . . . no . . . thank you.'

She quickly disengaged herself and hurried on. She felt strangely flustered by the incident - and something more. She shivered involuntarily. God, she was excited! Under her short dress her thighs seemed to burn as they brushed hotly against one another, caressed by the flimsy feminine garment which swayed sensuously against them as she walked. Her hips swayed too, the unconscious motion of a female aware she has been noticed. And desired.

The memory of her destination returned to her. This was mad. The wife of a respected local solicitor, mother of two, pillar of the village Tupperware and morning-coffee circuit, doing - well, doing *this* . . .

'I don't care. I just don't care!'

***'If only her friends knew
where she was going.
They wouldn't believe it,
even if she told them.
She hardly believed it herself.
Crazy, they would say.
Totally insane.'***

She realised people really were looking at her. She had stopped in the middle of the market place and, worse, had spoken out loud. In spite of the bustle and general cacophony, her action was noticeable by its sheer oddity. One didn't do that in an English village.

Embarrassed for a moment, she dropped her gaze and continued on. But under her breath she repeated the chant: 'I don't care!' It helped, somehow.

The hardest part was opening the door, he did the rest. For several seconds she had stood staring stupidly at her hand on the knob of the door before taking a deep breath and pushing it open.

The thick nutty aroma of fresh-ground coffee was like an early-morning alarm call, but she hardly noticed it. Before she had even crossed the threshold she felt his presence, and that was it. She was lost.

He sat at the far end of the narrow coffee shop. His cool grey eyes and calm self-assured smile met hers as soon as she looked up from her hand on the door knob. And that was all. From then on there was nothing she could do. She was powerless.

'Her legs began to tremble, and her hands tightly gripped the bunched edges of her dress. The searing heat in her thighs spread to her mound. She felt the wetness. Then his nose pushed in, gently nuzzling.'

She reached his table unaware if anyone else was in the room, and she had been standing in front of him for several seconds before he spoke.

'You came.'

'Yes.'

'Good.'

A pause. She was aware of her body. His eyes hadn't left hers since she saw him from the door, but she was suddenly conscious of her whole body, naked, naked under her clothes. Her cheeks burned.

'Let's go,' he said simply. It wasn't a question.

'Yes.'

In the street he took her hand as casually as if he had been doing so for years, and they had only gone a few yards when he stopped, turned and looked at her.

'I want you now.'

She peered down at the pavement.

'Yes. I know.' Her voice was a whisper.

The supermarket was very familiar to her, but she had never seen the rear before. It was deserted and strangely quiet, considering that the busy High Street was only yards away. She allowed herself to be led between a couple of over-flowing dustbins and a rusting skip to the sunken recess of

the loading dock. The metal delivery door was pulled down, and they were completely alone.

He turned to face her. 'Lift your dress.'

She stared at him, not moving.

'Lift your dress.'

Her hands dropped to the hem. It was her new summer dress, pale yellow cotton. The one her husband had given her for her birthday last week.

Slowly, she raised it, her eyes never leaving his face, even when his own dropped to stare at her exposed body. Too warm for tights, she felt the slight breeze teasing the tiny blonde hairs on her bare thighs.

His eyes were boring into her skin.

Her panties were new also, soft white cotton, lace. She had thought he would like them somehow . . . what was she saying?

His eyes caressed her naked thighs and the smooth curve of her mound. Nervously she squeezed her legs tighter together, and her shoes scuffed the uneven concrete.

He crouched down in front of her, his face level with her vagina. Her thighs were hot, scalding. Gently he rested his cheek against them, his nose brushing the swollen cotton triangle of her pantied vulva.

He inhaled.

Her legs began to tremble, and her hands tightly gripped the bunched edges of her dress. The searing heat in her thighs spread to her mound. She felt the wetness. Then his nose pushed in, gently nuzzling.

God! Her legs gave way.

She hadn't fallen, and realised he was supporting her, holding her under her bottom. He stood. Gently, his hand stroked her soft buttocks through the material of her panties as he spoke to her.

'You know what I must do.'

She did. She had no idea how she knew, but she did. She nodded meekly and he placed both hands gently on her shoulders, turning her to face away from him. Tenderly he pressed down, bending her forward at the waist until she was almost at right angles. His left arm encircled her above the hips. Her dress had fallen back and, slowly, carefully, he raised it with his free hand, arranging it neatly on the small of her back. Then his warm dry palm returned to her bottom.

His fingers traced the edges of her underwear, running lightly over the uneven lace surface from her hips to her thighs, feeling the shape of her panties, the curve of her bottom, the soft heat of her skin. His hand cupped under her firm cheeks and squeezed gently. It was as if he were making her bottom the most important part of her. Loving that intimate flesh, worshipping her silken curves and resilient mounds, caressing, shaping, preparing.

In spite of herself she pushed her bottom back towards him, gently moving it in circles, caressing his hand with it as he was caressing her, unconsciously encouraging his exploration. She closed her eyes.

The warmth of his hand left her, and for a moment she felt abandoned. Then she felt his palms between her shoulder blades and a gentle pressure urging her forward. She complied. The edge of the loading dock was now level with her waist, and she bent forward under his insistence until her breasts rested on the top and her cheek lay pressed against the cool concrete. She remained like that, bent at right angles, her bottom exposed and offered, and she knew he was looking at her. She felt his intense gaze taking in her long tanned legs, the summer frock rucked up in the small of her back, her white panties stretched tightly over the taut curves of her buttocks. She could feel his eyes burning hungrily into her bottom, and it seemed to her to swell until it was the biggest part of her.

'She could feel his eyes burning hungrily into her bottom, and it seemed to her to swell until it was the biggest part of her.'

It felt longer, though it was probably only a few seconds, then his hand returned to the elastic at her waist. My God, he was going to strip her!

A shiver ran through her body. She felt him hook his fingers under the thin band at each hip and pull outward, stretching the delicate lacy elastic on both sides, forcing the material of her panties tighter against her thrusting bottom and the sensitive curves of her vulva. Then, excruciatingly slowly, she felt him roll the material over, peeling the soft cotton from her hot bottom



like the fur from a ripe peach, sliding her panties down her hips, over the jutting flesh of her buttocks, releasing the cheeks with a quiver, snapping out from the stickiness between her legs and down over her burning thighs until they formed a narrow cotton rope across the backs of her knees

Her bottom was naked. Thrust up to him, offered, to do anything he liked. The quivering silkiness of a woman's bottom completely at a man's mercy. She was powerless, totally in

his control. And it made her so hot, she could scarcely stand.

His hand returned to her naked cheeks. His palm traced lazy circles, fingertips caressing, exploring her nakedness. With a will of its own, her bottom pushed up against his hand, accepting, wanting. And when his fingers travelled lower, it strained upwards to accommodate him, her thighs parting automatically.

For a fraction of a second the madness of the situation struck her. She had only met him yesterday. She

didn't even know his name. A crazy picture of herself flashed into her mind: Faith Brightman in the dusty concrete yard, standing bent steeply over in front of a complete stranger, her expensive new dress jerked up and her panties dragged down, standing waiting for this man's whim, waiting meekly for him to take his pleasure of her exposed and vulnerable body. Things like this didn't happen to nice girls . . .

The first spank was like an electric shock.



FANTASIA

No. 3: *Leather 'n' Lycra* Part 2

BACK in 'Fantasia' once more, the lucky chastiser bestrides the divine *derrière* with which he has the joy of dealing, pausing in his punishing pleasures to view his leather-clad prospect from directly above.

For a while he imbibes the beauty of the trim, madly-tingling buttocks, snug again in the so-tight red leather pantlets, savouring the two cutely-curved backwards-straining hemiglobes which await yet more painfille salutations from the swishy crop.

With the centre seam all but vanished into the deep divide, the pantlets ride up, half-exposing each buttock so that the implement smites alternately on the naked skin of each, displacing the flesh with the weight of every stroke and imparting sensations thereon like flashes of fire. These are moments for the chastiser to glory in, and the chastised one to grimace and cry out to.

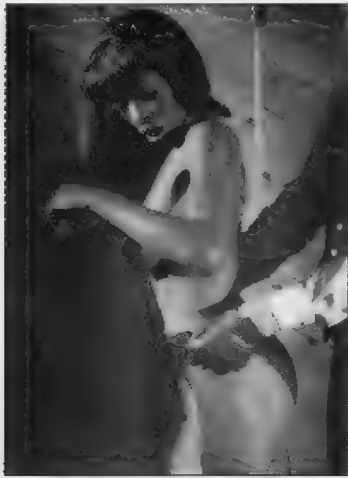
For a punishment *is* a punishment, to be soundly, seriously and fairly executed no matter how aesthetically appealing its subject. Knees together, spine inwardly arched, hips thrust backwards and upwards to present the target to perfection. Sternly the castigator whips the instrument down, again and again, building heat beneath and around the clinging leather.

How 'charmingly sweet' the lady sings as the succession of stinging thwacks lends weight and tempo to her harmonies of protest and pain!



But now it is time for the coup de grâce. Would it not be every man's fantasy and every woman's pleasure to peel that lycra leotard from so perfect a body? Let's do it!

Now, at last, we see that magnificent bottom bared, sizzling as it is from its ordeal by riding-crop, tawse and paddle. The urge to spank it is overwhelming. To feel that warm, supple weight bearing down as she lies across your thighs, bare-bottomed and ready for the final stage of her punishment is, quite simply, *fantastic*...







But, hello, what is this? A chap really should be more careful what he wears when he takes part in a punishment session titled 'Leather 'n' Lycra'! Did he really have to wear those leather trousers, those leather shoes, those leather gloves?

The lady now has leather boots on. Boots made for stamping, for stomping, for stalking. As her glorious bottom blazes, role-reversal is on her mind. She turns the tables with the speed of a striking tigress,

snatches up the leather-clad crop and suddenly stands dominant!

Of this be very sure: *the lady will never forget.*

Nor, on this occasion, will the man!

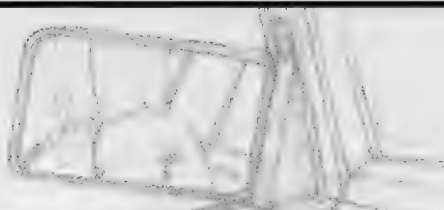


INTRODUCING OUR BRAND-NEW ORIGINAL CARTOON!

THE LAND OF JUST DESERTS (Part 1)



WEIN RABER REAR VIEW



The wonderful world of CP through a jaundiced eye
Compiled and edited by Wynn Bryan

The Caning Of Illegal Female Immigrants

from David T. of London W5

Illegal immigrants obtaining unregistered work in a foreign land is a widespread problem affecting many countries.

There will always be poverty situations where inhabitants of poorer nations willingly risk punishment by working illegally in more affluent countries.

One of the latest nations to suffer from this imbalance of the world's wealth is the rapidly progressing country of Malaysia. The newly burgeoning economy is attracting hordes of illegal female immigrants from countries such as the Philippines and Burma, who are obtaining low-paid work as domestic staff in hotels and restaurants. Many also find employment as maids with wealthy Malaysian families who rarely pay a realistic wage, although that is usually a substantial improvement compared to the immigrant's country of origin.

In the past, when discovered, lawbreakers were immediately deported.

This was no solution to the problem because the majority simply returned by the next available boat and resumed where they left off.

Following a recent change of law, illegal immigrants - who are mostly female - now face the cane as well as deportation. A government statement made it clear that the canings would be similar to those carried out in schools and are meant to deter the lawbreaker from returning, whilst causing no permanent injury.

Apparently, under the proposed law, women who are caught working without permits can be sentenced to six strokes of the cane for a first offence.

A charming Malaysian friend, whose name is Leong, recently returned from a visit to her parents in Kuala Lumpur and made no bones about her support for the new law: 'I think the women get caned on their bare buttocks,' Leong told us. 'It must hurt very much but at least they will not return, and that means Malaysian women will get the jobs instead.'

Once again, an enlightened nation will use corporal punishment to resolve an otherwise insoluble problem. Perhaps Britain's lawmakers could learn a thing or two from the Malaysian experience. •

Stand Up And Give Your Brains A Rest . . .

Recent research by a Chicago doctor has uncovered the startling fact that the bigger a person's bottom, the greater their IQ! Apparently, 26 points could be the difference between mere mortals with little bread rolls in their knickers, and superbumps with matching melons.

This opens a whole new world of opportunity for submissive wives and girlfriends. We all know that the bottom swells after a good caning or hand-spanking, so it is logical to assume that university (and other) students will be seeking a sound thrashing just before exam times. This will surely put a whole new perspective on the expression 'sitting an exam'.

Of course, it isn't necessary to be in the midst of academic studies. A housewife who needs to calculate a weekly budget, or other housekeeping expenditure, could report to her husband for a thorough whacking immediately after receiving a financial allocation. This would obviously maximise brain power at a time when these difficult tasks require singular concentration and assessment.

Perhaps female executives could also hire a CP expert to keep themselves upwardly mobile. And when it comes to the mega-quid annual rise, the CP expert (who will quickly become as essential as a good PA) should also be suitably rewarded.

Gives a whole new meaning to the buzz phrase market forces, doesn't it? •

Mutt Tonight, Josephine

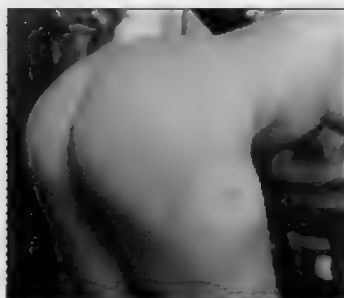
Actor Richard Wilson has just had a book published by Michael O'Mara Books Ltd., not surprisingly entitled 'I Don't Believe It!' It costs £7.99 and is a treasure tome of little known and exceedingly odd facts. I'll just quote one of them:

'As he made love to Josephine on their wedding night, Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte was bitten on the bottom by her pet dog'.

Ah . . . that explains everything, doesn't it? Now we know why he is reputed to have said that an army marches on its stomach. •

Things you don't really need to know

The bottom is very big in Brazil, where it is known as *bum-bum*, or *bunda*. •



Contributions

If you have an item you would like to publish in this section, please send to: Rear View, Privilege Plus, 40 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PB. 'Rear View' editor Wynn Bryan is looking for brief news items about CP, short poems or limericks, photographs (different in some way), cartoons, information on CP in mainstream media or anything relevant which does not easily fit other sections of the magazine. Individual items cannot be paid for, but any reader who has three or more items published will receive a research fee of £25

Correspondence

Are you sitting comfortably? Ah well, never mind! This is your forum to discuss, debate, reminisce, challenge, inform, wish, wonder or simply entertain with genuine personal anecdotes, thoughts, dreams or ideas on the subject which unites us. All letters published attract a free copy of the Issue in which each appears. Over to you!

'Jamas Are A Joy

Dear Mr Sergeant

MAY I add my congratulations to those you must surely have received on the publication of the first edition of *Privilege Plus*? If its high standard is continued, it will surely gain a place amongst the greats of spanking magazines.

My favourite article was 'Fantasia', the reason being its content: the subject of punishment in pyjamas. Many years ago I had a letter published in an issue of *Janus* under the title 'Spanking Girls in Pyjamas'. I recall my delight in seeing it in print, and also at the Editor's promise 'never to forget this speciality'.

With regard to this, it is true to say that from time to time stories regarding pyjama punishments do appear (e.g. 'Evacuees' in *Janus* 31). Unfortunately, the naughty recipient in such stories always seems to have her pyjama pants pulled down before punishment commences. There has also been a marked lack of such stories backed by pictures or drawings, although one did appear in Number 70 entitled 'Go To Your Room'.

More recently a reader's confession ('The Next Time') painted a clearer picture of how most of us pyjama-lovers carry out our activities. Unfortunately, here again the drawing concentrates on the bare bottom aspect of this well-written account.

What a difference though with 'Jamas 'n' Jeans' in Issue One! The writer's observations along with the pictures are a delight. Your model was perfect, hair tied back, beautiful eyes, lovely round bottom - how I wish it were me

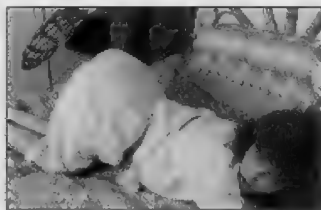
holding the slipper. I could go on and on about the article's perfection, but obviously I won't.

Let us hope, though, that in future your writers, artists and photographers realise that their efforts lose nothing in allowing errant young ladies to retain their 'jama' (even that name conjures a youthful innocence) bottoms. Furthermore, some shots of the naughty madams rubbing their scorched backsides through their thin pyjamas would complete the perfect bedtime punishment scene.

I will end by making the same plea as in my previously-mentioned letter, i.e.: for other readers to write of their pyjama spanking experiences. Maybe, too, you could print further pictures from the 'Fantasia' photo session.

A.H.,
Leicester

***In view of the popularity of this item, we will be featuring more pyjama punishments in future issues of the magazine. - G.S.**



The Unbare Bottom

Dear Gordon Sergeant

JUST a note to say how much I enjoyed the first issue of *Privilege Plus*. It is difficult to produce something new in the world of CP magazines, but I think you might just have succeeded. The idea of using the input from *Privilege* Members to set the agenda was excellent, and the addition of a contact section 'Connections' was long overdue in a publication aimed at a wider readership. Brilliant!

It came as no surprise you found that many enthusiasts share my belief that all spankings do not necessarily have to be given on the bare bottom, nor that pyjamas were one of the favourite forms of dress for spankees. As for tight jeans, well, until you have applied a whippy cane or a large slipper across a well-filled pair you have not lived.

I have long held the view that most spanking enthusiasts' fantasies revolve around the possible rather than the outrageous. Many young ladies I am sure still suffer a trip across a boyfriend's or even a parental knee, and the thought of this happening to the girl next door or the rude little madam on the checkout is a constant delight. Photo stories which portray this kind of thing, then, are much more enjoyable than the 'glamour spans' with the recipient in all the trappings of a tart - but there again, that's just my opinion.

Comments on Issue One. Great. The pyjama slipping was terrific: it really took me back years to when I had a girlfriend who

Correspondence



often suffered this treatment. An unfortunate episode with a cane made me promise never to use it on her again, but the revelation that her father had once given her the slipper produced a delightful alternative. She loved being 'sent to bed in disgrace', probably because by the time she had been across my knee or made to bend over the end of her bed in various forms of nightwear for a good bottom-warming, it was only a matter of falling into bed.

The historical story of the Victorian maid receiving a resounding spanking with a hairbrush from the lady of the house on her delectable bottom was also very good. I appreciate that setting such things up must be rather costly, but the results were well worth it. Let's see some more action like this. How about a '20s theme, rebellious 'flapper' suffers at hands of unimpressed and stern father figure, or a '50s (when girls certainly were still spanked) scene: ponytail, circular skirts, ankle socks and a naughty girl over mum's knee for the hairbrush?

Anyway, keep up the good work.

R.H.B.,
Bournemouth

*Watch this space. - G.S.

Mutual Pleasures

Dear Gordon Sergeant
WHAT a refreshing change to read *Privilege Plus*. Your magazine stands out a mile compared to many others attempting to address the needs of the genuine CP connoisseur. Issue 1 got off to a good start with the short stories and a range of authentic photographs depicting the administration of CP.

The tone and quality of the letters section 'Correspondence' suggests your readers are genuine CP enthusiasts, rather than the dribble some other magazines put out.

I would like to pick up on a couple of points already raised. K.E. of

Edinburgh makes the point that there is no place for humiliation, cruelty or degradation between adults seeking mutual pleasure and satisfaction from the administration of CP. How absolutely right he is, which is a point so often missed by magazines featuring females punishing males.

Your letters also acknowledge the fact that, for many aficionados of the CP scene, we enjoy receiving as well as administering this form of stimulating punishment. I, for one, need to feel the cane across my own bottom in order to appreciate the full satisfaction of administering six across the well-presented bottom of a like-minded female.

Whilst noting that, for many, the attraction of the opposite sex is part and parcel of the overall enjoyment of involving oneself in CP, I also note that some females enjoy CP with others of the same sex, and that one of your correspondents in the 'Consult Lucy' section makes known his desire to spank a young man.

Why not include a couple of short stories with photographs of males receiving CP? A visit to the headmistress's study to receive the cane across tight trousers, underpants and bare bottom would be a good start.

Before I close, may I make a suggestion or two about the photographs you use in *Privilege Plus*? Please stick to traditional instruments for the administration of CP - i.e.: hand-spanking, cane, strap and tawse, etc. Keep the photographs realistic and don't touch them up. If you cannot show a lady's anus or vagina in the same photograph, bending over with marks on her bottom, let her keep her knickers on.

Keep up the good work, I look forward to Issue Two.

A.C.,
Leicestershire

*Please be assured that no photograph published in this magazine has been in any way censored or 'touched up'. - G.S.

Spicing Up The Action

Dear Gordon

I WAS delighted by the first issue of *Privilege Plus*, which will make a very worthy addition to the *Janus* stable. Let me voice my one note of complaint first, though, and get it out of the way. I detested the 'Lemmy Wackham' stories when they appeared in *Janus*, and am very sorry to see the character making even a brief appearance in your new magazine. This fifth-rate imitation of an outmoded private eye genre has never been amusing or erotic or anything but a tedious bore. No more Lemmy, please.

The 'Jamas 'n' Jeans' feature was wonderful. Such a delightful girl, so sweet, so pretty, so vulnerably tempting that it's inconceivable that any normal male could spend five minutes in her company without fervently wishing to whack her lovely rear with any implement that happened to be available. Even with black-and-white photography, it was charming to see her very obvious maidenly blush of dismay as she lay across her chastiser's lap and felt her jeans lowered, and realised that the indignity of having her bare bottom smacked like a naughty little girl was going to be placed on permanent record. If it's any consolation to her, it's not every young woman who is fortunate enough to make thousands of people happy simply by displaying her delectable backside in the appropriate circumstances.

Lucy Goodman's column is an excellent idea. Such advisors are usually known as agony aunts. Lucy, considering her subject-matter, will obviously have a better claim to the title than most. The problem of boredom creeping into a couple's CP activities is one which must have troubled many besides John L. John just refers to 'spanking' without mentioning the use of the cane, etc. It may be that a greater versatility in methods of chastisement would be the solution to his problem. I think that many people must



Correspondence

find that an imaginative use of role-playing, preferably in several different versions, increases the enjoyment of CP. If you are not simply John L., but also the pirate captain Black Jake dealing with a recalcitrant female captive, or the governor of a Victorian reformatory for wayward wenches, boredom is more easily kept at bay.

One way of trying something different is to contrive a public spanking. I realise that this might not appeal to everyone, but it worked for me. Alison, my partner, is 27, but being slim and fair with a deceptively innocent face, she can make herself look ten years younger. On three occasions this summer we have driven out to a seaside resort seventy miles from our home and found a pub with a drinking area outside. Alison has played the part of my niece, and put on such a convincing display of loud-mouthed, whining, bloody-minded teenage bitchiness as to antagonise everyone within earshot. Finally my patience has come to an end and I have hauled her across my knee, turned up her very short skirt with nothing but a G-string beneath, and given her a bloody good spanking on her practically bare arse. No one - male or female, young or old - has attempted to interfere or even protest, and as I have marched a loudly-blubbing 'niece' back to the car there have been audible expressions of approval.

The 'Couples' feature was great. Alison and I love reading about other people who are genuinely into the scene. Alison says she would love to see me dealing firmly with Ann's lovely, plump bottom. What would be great from my point of view would be to have Alison and Ann side by side across a bed while I laid on alternate strokes of tawse, cane or birch upon each tender bare bottom. In your excellent interview Ann says that she never cries when she is punished, but I hope that she would join Alison in a heartfelt and deeply emotional soprano duet!

M.E.,
London

*Your criticisms, whether for or against, are always gratefully received. We felt it only fair to show this letter to Mr Wackham who, already smarting at having been relegated to page 12 in Issue 2, laid his cane aside, took a swig of some substance he refers to as 'hooch', gave a brief imitation of a man in the last stages of apoplexy, then finally managed to say: 'Fifth rate? Fifth? I wuz always reckoned to be at least fourth!' - G.S.

Some Thoughts On Issue 2

Dear Gordon Sergeant

I RECENTLY purchased *Privilege Plus* Issue 2, and would like to let you know how much I enjoyed Part One of 'The Saga Of Susan Claire'. The story is entertaining and arousing, and considerably enhanced by the drawings which accompany it. If it is not too late, I would like to suggest a possible course of events in the Claire household following Susan's 'special' punishment.

Clearly, it is necessary for Debbie to receive a 'special' at the hands of her mother and sister. She is strapped and caned for rubbing herself in such a blatant way during Susan's ordeal - but will she find her own punishment so arousing?

Susan and Debbie then experiment with punishing each other independently of their mother. Susan starts to punish Debbie for minor misdemeanours. Debbie only accepts this humiliation because the alternative would be for Mrs Claire to be told of her crimes, with far more serious consequences. The sisters also start to play CP forfeits games, each enjoying wielding power over the other, and each deriving sexual gratification from the whole experience.

Fairly soon Mrs Claire discovers that her daughters are playing CP games without her permission (unexpected cane-marks on the girls' bottoms are a bit of a giveaway). She is furious, and an epic punishment

session ensues in which Susan and Debbie receive a colossal thrashing while bent together over the back of a sofa. One slight problem here is that Susan obviously enjoys having her bottom and thighs tawsed and caned, which makes it difficult to punish her properly. Perhaps this naughty girl would benefit from being birched, or would it be necessary to give her full breasts a strapping to instil a bit of respect?

The next episode would involve one of the older women receiving a punishment. Either the girls' mother or Aunt Sophie commit some indiscretion which can only be dealt with by a thorough spanking and caning in the family tradition. We may possibly find out why Mrs Claire is so tolerant of her daughters' masturbatory habits, as she herself cannot control her feelings while having her bottom thrashed.

Having dealt with the ladies of the Claire family, I would like to comment on some other aspects of Issue 2: I enjoyed the photographs in 'Fantasia' - the model is very attractive and there are some nice 'impact' pictures of her lovely bottom being spanked. I look forward to more of the same in future editions.

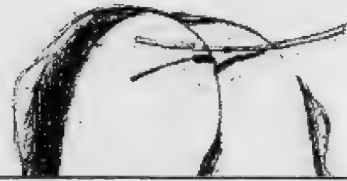
Could you feature some outfits with very short skirts such as those worn by cheerleaders, tennis players and ice skaters? I would also love to see girls wearing smart business suits, elegant evening dresses, formal uniforms, etc., all with stockings and suspenders. I never get bored by all the old favourites.

By contrast, the historical photostory 'Droit de Seigneur' left me cold. The clothes and underwear of previous ages hold no attraction for me, and I find period pieces of this type a waste of the models and the pages devoted to their coverage. Give me pictures of modern ladies in (and out) of contemporary clothes every time.

Good luck with *Privilege Plus*, I await future editions with great interest.

R.,
Eastcote, Middlesex

Correspondence



Plus A Few More

Dear Mr Sergeant

CONGRATULATIONS to your team for a bravura edition (Issue 2) of a magazine clearly getting confidently into its stride. Whilst Lemmy Wackham still tends to annoy, I'm beginning to get the joke now, and have begun to wonder in what part of the magazine he will turn up next.

The stories were a treat to read, notably the sensitively observed 'The Atonement'. The photo spreads were imaginative and well conceived, but I would especially like to take my hat off to those responsible for putting together 'Droit de Seigneur': the words behind the photographs are a true 'tour de force', and for a while I wept and winced for poor young Mistress Symcocke with her expressive gamin face and even more expressive bottom. Brilliant stuff!

Ms Wendy H.,
Liverpool

one could touch, with tentative fingers, and marvel).

Very much enjoyed, too, was the appearance, from the pages of this magazine, of the pretty Victorian maid from Issue 1 (who was so soundly dealt with by the lady of the house), and the young 'Tudor' wife from Issue 2 who had the 'Droit de Seigneur' exercised on her by her sixteenth century landlord. Both girls underwent a token chastisement, first lifting their voluminous skirts and having their bloomers pulled down by willing volunteers from the audience! Great fun and much enjoyed.

I was amused when their chastiser referred to the 'Victorian maid' as having a great-great-great granddaughter who appeared in 'Fantasia' in Issue 2. Of course! - I wondered where I'd seen that, er, face before...

Thanks to all concerned for an inspiring afternoon.

*G.H.,
New Malden, Surrey

Having lately retired from business, and with time and money to pander to my long-suppressed longings, I find myself 'innocently' shopping in the lingerie departments of large stores and returning home with satins and silks, French knickers and the like.

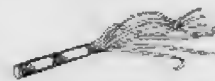
Being fairly small physically, I am able to wear some most glamorous items, and the cool feel of it against my skin, or sinking into the cleft of my buttocks when I bend forward in front of the mirror, hairbrush at the ready to smack with increasing force at my tightly-outlined bottom, feels both 'wicked' and pleasurable because a censorious part of my mind regards such behaviour as degrading and contemptible, while the part of myself I am indulging relishes such 'forbidden' delight.

I also like to smack my bottom in tight football shorts bought from a sports shop; at other times I'll wear a cotton dress and cane myself through it while bent across the back of the sofa.

These activities do not always end in masturbation. More usually the feeling is one of triumph over oppression, as though two sides of me were at war, and the part of myself I have always wanted to 'be' is finally winning through.

How it would be to share all this with a partner I simply do not know. Perhaps it would spoil it.

F.S.G.,
Nantwich, Cheshire



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Party Punishments

Dear Gordon

HAVING just attended the latest Privilege Club 'party', I thought I'd dash off a letter in the hope of catching the press for Issue 3 of *Privilege Plus*.

Although I have in the past been to several of these events, this one seemed different inasmuch as it gave the impression of being more intimate and 'cosy' (if that's the word). Dare one even say, 'friendlier'?

As usual the girls in their mouth-watering skimpy and 'special' uniforms were a delight, accepting with apparent insouciance strappings, spankings and canings of a severity that would have made them heroines of the Upper Sixth in days gone by. Their willingness to share with us the effects of their punishments by cheerfully (but also a little solemnly) exhibiting their cherry-red and clearly very sore bottoms to each guest in turn was a nice touch (yes,

Going It Alone

Dear Gordon Sergeant

I WONDER how many other men (and perhaps women) may be like me? Having read the first two issues of this magazine I feel that your readership would not 'cast a mock' at my solitary activities.

I'm in my sixties now, divorced, kids left home. All my life I have been obsessed with the idea of corporal punishment. Yes, I was beaten when young - heavens, it was a part of everyday life - but it hasn't left me with a wish to hurt or degrade anybody, and I believe that, by and large, a sound thrashing from a loving hand, when merited, is therapeutic and cleansing of the spirit.

So what is this shameful thing I do? I beat myself. But it isn't only that, it's the fact that I get such an intense thrill from wearing certain items of clothing whilst doing so. Your section headed 'Fantasia' strikes a chord, I imagine, in many a breast.

CONNECTIONS



Readers wishing to place an advertisement in *Privilege Plus+* should write the text of their message, giving their name and address for our office files, and send to the address below. Payment should be calculated at 10p per word of the message text only: cheques and P.O.s payable to Gordon Sergeant.

In all cases readers advertising or replying should be over the age of 18, and where no age is mentioned for an advertisee it is accepted that he/she is of adult age.

Readers responding to adverts should write out their individual replies (if more than one), place each in a separate sealed envelope bearing sufficient postage, with the Box Number of the advertisement to which they are replying written in pencil on the back flap of each envelope. These should then be placed in one larger outer envelope and sent to: Connections, Privilege Plus +, 40 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PB.

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Replies will be forwarded only to advertisers in the current and previous issue at any one time. We reserve the right to amend or refuse advertisements in the event of unacceptable content. Envelopes for forwarding should be no greater than normal letter dimensions, and may not be used for the dissemination of promotional literature.

When meeting a contact for the first time, always follow the common-sense code of making the rendezvous in a well-lit public place and letting a trusted friend or relative know where you have gone.

Box PB1. Your pleasure my primary consideration. Unattached naughty girls (18-40) invited to share afternoon/evening of fun featuring spanking, slipper, cane or whatever is mutually agreed, followed by a meal out? Honesty, discretion pledged/expected. Limits respected. Especially sensitive with beginners. Single musician (30s), considered handsome, kind but strict, also accepts discipline, welcomes one-off enquiries, friendship, relationship... Can travel/arrange accommodation. Central/South England based.

Box PB2. Public school/university educated guy (39), very intelligent with high income, seeks well-bred attractive female 'Privilege' enthusiast for long-term relationship. London.

Box PB3. Male (27) with slim, firm bottom ideal for spanking, works out in gym, would like to meet sexy adventurous lady 18+ to thrash me and dominate me, or be dominated herself. Discretion assured. Will travel or accommodate. If you wish to correspond to build trust first, there is no rush. Letter with photo would be appreciated. Cumbria/anywhere.

Box PB4. Elderly experienced CP enthusiast seeks mature girl anxious to present her bare bottoms for arousal experience

similar to 'The Atonement' (*Privilege Plus 2*) between George and Anna, but more sophisticated spanking and caning rituals. Visit his large Surrey home where privacy is offered. Mutual satisfaction assured and exciting future sessions available.

Box PB5. Male (36), dominant, would like to meet older submissive lady who would like to relive her schooldays and act out some of her fantasies with mild spankings, role-play, etc. This would be part of a warm relationship and long-term friendship. Initially this would be by correspondence until we got to know each other properly. London/Kent based, but will travel for the right lady.

Box PB6. Single male musician (28), slim, good-looking six-footer, would love to meet a woman who gets turned on by spanking activities. A woman who would like to give and receive. Fantasies, scenarios, clothing, implements, all to be experimented with. Have never had a relationship like this before. Birmingham.

Box PB7. Intelligent, tall male (45) would like to meet ladies under 35 who are tall, slim and in need of punishment given firmly but lovingly within an adult relationship. Willing to travel, but can accommodate. London.

Box PB8. My name is David. I am 42, white, single and have my own small house in Surrey. I would very much like to hear from any slim(ish) ladies over 24 who would like to be wined and dined as well as being disciplined in a controlled, friendly and understanding way. I consider myself a gentleman sensitive to a lady's requirements who is available for a relationship - but this is not essential.

Box PB9. Needed, a computer and word-processor expert to teach me with the aid of a cane. London area.

Box PB10. Male (26), tall, slim, own house, likes rock music, pubs, television, seeks lady with g.s.o.h. and interest in CP for nights out and in. Would also like to meet or correspond with males. Wimbledon area.

Box PB11. Divorced gentleman (42) seeks naughty, submissive girls 25-55 in the East Kent area who would like to act

out their spanking fantasies, and who enjoy being put over a male knee to have their bare bottoms soundly smacked. Absolute discretion guaranteed and expected. Can accommodate or travel. All letters will receive an immediate reply. I have a collection of various toys for your fantasies and ideas. Limitations and confidentiality will be respected. Detailed conversation on the telephone or a neutral meeting first if required. Can accommodate overnight if necessary. Kingston, Surrey.







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